

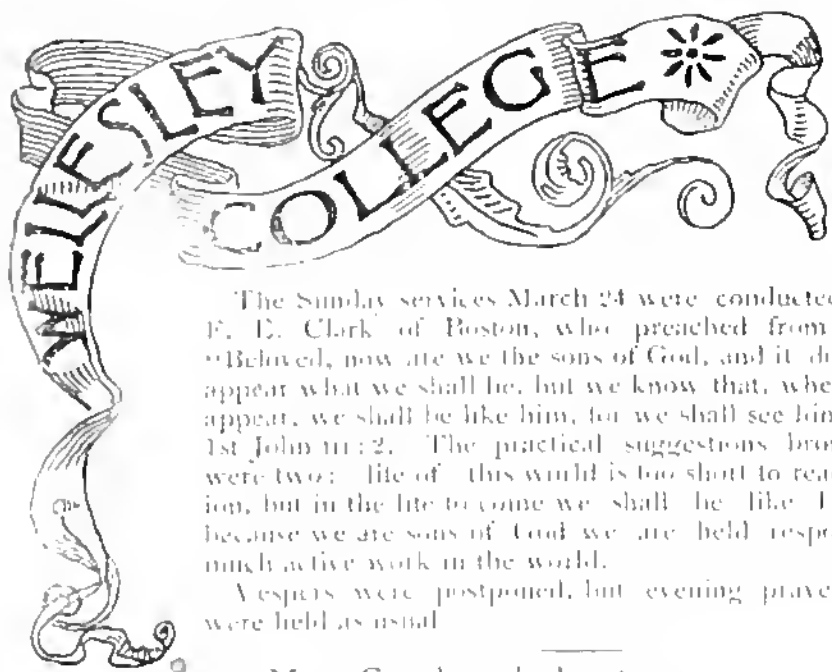
The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 28.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The Sunday services March 24 were conducted by Rev. F. E. Clark of Boston, who preached from the text: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." 1st John 3:2. The practical suggestions brought forth were two: life of this world is too short to reach perfection, but in the life to come we shall be like Him; and because we are sons of God we are held responsible for much active work in the world.

Vespers were postponed, but evening prayer-meetings were held as usual.

Mrs. Goodwin's Lecture.

Mrs. H. B. Goodwin lectured to the members of the Art Department Saturday, March 23d, on the Monk Artists of San Marco, Florence. She spoke of standing in the cell where Fra Angelico had lived, and on the very scene where Savonarola had preached and prayed, but that it was difficult to believe that this now quiet and forlorn convent was once crowded with eager people. It is empty, silent and forlorn to a superficial observer, but for the reverse to an interested one. Its plain, white walls and dark cells enclose with jealous care the exquisite paintings of Fra Angelico, so called because of his angelic pictures, more inspiring than sermons of words. Of his early life very little, she told us, was known, but he painted to the end of his sixty-eight years, when he died at Rome. His greatest inspiration came from a devoted, simple and prayerful life. His pictures show that his ideals were fairer than the children of men. If he had mingled more with the world he might have painted with more strength. All his pictures are religious and were painted in an ecstasy of religious feeling, his favorite theme being the life of our Lord.

Fra Bartolommeo seemed to have more knowledge of the world and thus his pictures have more boldness, more strength, but they are not more religious. In depicting beauty he was excelled only by Michael Angelo. He represented nature in her most beautiful aspect, always with dignity and religious feeling, and in the portrayal of the Virgin and Child his artistic skill was second only to Raphael. Bartolommeo had a friend, Albertinelli, with whom he worked, and it is difficult to distinguish one's work from that of the other. Albertinelli was worldly, not ambitious, but a lover of beauty and refinement.

The Shakespeare Society.

The following program was well carried out on the evening of March 23, in the Stone Hall parlor:

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.	
1. Shakespeare News.....	Miss Ruth Merrill
2. Themes from Shakespeare Year III No. 19.....	
Essay, Education of Women.....	Miss Foster
3. Debate: Resolved that the wit of Beatrice shows greater intellectual power than the wit of Rosalind.....	Affirmative.....Miss Orion Negative.....Miss Lucia Merrill
4. Ten minute study of plot.....	Miss Brewster
5. Song, "Sigh no more, Lovers," Quartette by Miss Stinson, Miss Winston, soprano, Miss Hamilton, Miss Pedrick, Alto.....	
6. Dramatic Representation Act I, Sc. 1.....	
Leonato.....	Miss Reed
Don Pedro.....	Miss Taylor
Claudio.....	Miss Nye
Benedick.....	Miss Nathan
Messengers.....	Miss Eaton
Hero.....	Miss Walker
Beatrice.....	Miss Goodrich

Any one wishing to add to the Shakespeare library will be specially interested in Mr. Alvey A. Alcott's "Plea for a Reference Canon of Shakespeare's Plays, with a Uniform System of Notation Applicable to all Critical Editions of the Folios and Quartos," and all will enjoy a charming article in the February *Shakespeareana* called "The Children in Shakespeare's Plays," by Helen Mar Bridges.

Macbeth is the next play to be studied in the Shakespeare Society.

Sheridan's "Rivals."

After generously opening her heart and purse to the needs of the past, future and the distant, namely: the Norminaga Fund, the Chapel Fund and the Chinese; besides acquiring several times the honor of being the first to contribute to many worthy causes, the Wellesley maid, (that is the composite one) at last turned her attention to the benevolences called for near at hand and at the present time. She is last to accept the adage, "Charity begins at home;" however, when the time comes, she is not slow to respond, nor did she make an exception in the opportunity of last term. But the bread she cast upon the waters, she found again that same night. She was still more lucky, for she found it buttered. She cast it for the benefit of the Student's Aid Society and recovered it in form of the play "The Rivals."

Perhaps the Wellesley maid will be asked who were the stars of the evening and why their names do not appear in great dazzling letters at the head of the list. The answer is simply told: had the list been printed correctly, according to merit, this sheet might be misinterpreted and be taken for a bill poster. To prevent such a catastrophe we quote merely the words of the composite maiden: "They were all perfect." Two weeks before, after the "Rose and Ring," she had declared that she would never laugh so much again, for nothing could ever be so funny. But she was forced to recognize that she had not the graven quantities of King Henry, for she did smile again and quite audibly too. And why? The mere suggestion of this unorthodox, witty, old-fashioned comedy calls up a score of scenes at the thought of which one can hardly keep an untroubled face. But when the Wellesley maid saw them actually transpiring before her, what other result could be expected? Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop, with her absurd blunders in her "language" and parts of speech, is a tonic for all blues, but the Mrs. Malaprop of the Freeman troupe would vanquish the most melancholic Joques. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Lydia, Captain Absolute, Julia and her glumly bowed Lankland, all performed the parts with a realism which was seldom lost, unless because of a train somewhat lengthy for the eager lover to reach over a stage of scanty dimensions and a few other unmountable obstacles. Even the lag and the shrewd little maid were not to be outdone, for their respectful demeanor toward their superiors was over-whelming, while David's concern for his master's safety most pathetically manifested itself in his pedal exertivities. Miss Dingley's personation of Bob Acres was, to express it with no Americanism, *par excellence*. The scene before the mirror preparatory to his *debut* in rôle of a suitor showed consummate

skill in mimicry as well as a thorough appreciation of the character to be represented. The duel scene also was particularly good on the part of both participants. We also believe we are not far wrong when we say that Sheridan's own Sir Anthony raged or smiled before us that evening.

In reporting this entertainment it would be impossible not to notice the rapidity and the quietness with which the stage and the curtains were managed. Never in any amateur theatricals do we remember such short intervals. What little waiting there chanced to be was passed in listening to quite a novel set of musicians termed the "Hungarian Band." The Wellesley maid is always pleased with anything new and attested her pleasure very heartily in her congratulations to the efficient director, Miss James.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Durant, who is always a most devoted worker for the Students' Aid Society, for the flowers which were sold that evening, and also to the printers, Alfred Mudge & Son of Boston, for the generous contribution of the programs. And especially would the Wellesley maid vote unanimously her thanks to the chairman, Miss DeRochement, and her committee, for the good they did. The success of the evening assumes the palpable shape of \$115.20 for the Society.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.....	L. Lebus
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.....	A. S. Clement
FAIRFAX.....	M. R. Gilman
ACHES.....	J. L. Dingley
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.....	S. L. Magome
FAG.....	S. Foote
DAVID.....	L. Finney
MRS. MALAPROP.....	Miss Godfrey
LYDIA.....	Miss Stuart
JULIA.....	Miss Boyd
LANK.....	Miss Elliott

Miss O'Brien's Concert.

The piano recital given by Miss Mary E. O'Brien on the last Monday evening of last term was exceptionally enjoyable. Miss O'Brien has given the College several delightful concerts, but never appeared to better advantage than at this time. There could be no surer proof of the worth of our musical department than such a recital given by one of its members. The Chopin concerto was especially fine, displaying to advantage not only Miss O'Brien's finished technique, but also her marked skill as an interpreter. It was also a great pleasure to hear Miss Radecki again, although to such a small extent. If any other numbers could be selected as superior from a program so uniformly good, they would be, perhaps, the Liszt and Rubenstein. The program is as follows:

Bach.....	Fantasia in C minor
Chopin.....	Gavotte in A major
Schumann.....	Moderato from Fantasia, Op. 17
Liszt.....	a. "O lieb! so lang du lieben kannst!" b. Etude in D flat
Rubinstein.....	Zwei Aquariellen, Op. 21
Moszkowski.....	Album de Portraits, Op. 10, No. 22
Chopin.....	Grande Valse Brillante, A flat
	Concerto in F minor
	Maestoso, Larghetto, Allegro Vivace

Orchestral accompaniment played on a second piano by Miss Olga Von Radecki.

The '89 Annual.

How many of us have turned, without a feeling of envy, the illustrated pages of such publications as the *Olio*, the *Gull*, the *Cornellian* and a host of similar annuals edited by the Junior classes of our brother institutions? And though we may resent the superior tone in which we are often asked why Wellesley girls do not publish an annual, the question is not always easy to answer satisfactorily. It is therefore with great interest that we hear of the enterprise on hand in the Senior class to supply this long-felt need. But it is not simply the gratification we shall feel in displaying an annual to our astonished brothers' eyes that causes us to rejoice over the projected publication, that alone is far too low a motive for the Wellesley standard; we see in this enterprise matter of interest to past, present and future Wellesley students. The illustrations, college jokes, the account of special college days, Tree day, Float day, Junior Promenade and the like will appeal directly to the undergraduate heart; the carefully compiled statistics, the full list and addresses of Faculty, Alumnae and undergraduates, and accounts of existing and historic societies and clubs will make this a more valuable reference book than either the College Calendar or the Alumnae Catalogue, and one that the wise professor, the dignified Alumna, the jolly undergraduate can all afford to be without.

Such an undertaking marks an era in our progressive college world, and commends itself to the hearty co-operation and support of all loyal Wellesley hearts, and such we hope it may receive.

College Notes.

The spring term of the year began Tuesday, April 3, very bright and sunny after such a gloomy vacation. Fresh vigor and healthy color testify to the good times the students have been having, and all seem ready to encounter the next eleven weeks with new zeal. Many bring back whiffs of salt breezes, and the fisherman's tales are not lacking. About fifty happily passed the time at Wellesley, while some few unlucky ones plodded the streets of Boston to accomplish spring shopping, or, what is more pleasant, to hear the great Nieldung. Miss Shafer quietly spent the holidays, partly at Wellesley, and partly in Boston.

Welcome! Miss Emerson is in her familiar class-room again. Miss Clarke has been moved from Simpson to the Main Building and will take up a portion of her work. Miss Annie Sawyer, who was obliged to leave College last year on account of her health, has returned to graduate this year. Miss Helen M. Clark of '89 who has been continuing her studies at home, has resumed her work at College. Misses Georgine Fraser and Lucy B. Stearns, former students, have returned.

Prof. Carrier will be in California for the spring, the Department of Libration being left in charge of Miss Everett. Miss Brown of the Literature Department has sailed for England, to attend a course of lectures given at Oxford during the spring term only. Her work at Wellesley will be carried on meanwhile by Miss Margaret E. Ditto, formerly of Dana Hall.

A story from the graphic pen of Miss Ditto appears on our second page. This story, "One Little Injun," as well as Miss Annie Seydick's story, "You Have Known it All This Time and Never Told Us," which appeared in a recent number of the *Courant*, are having a large and steady sale, in the form of leaflets, for use in Indian Mission Circles and the like. Orders are received, price—30 cents per 50, 50 cents per 100,—by the Indian Association, Wellesley, Mass.

Dean Gray of the Cambridge Theological Seminary lectured to the Senior Bible class, Tuesday afternoon, on the Trinity.

The editors of the *Courant* are compelled to remind the Wellesley authoresses that manuscript should not be written on both sides the paper.

The sum raised at Wellesley for the Chinese sufferers reached \$402.90.

Prof. and Mrs. Palmer are now sojourning in Rome, where they have met Prof. Whiting and expect to meet Prof. Coman. The Misses Coman and Miss Hebard will probably arrive from Paris a few days before the departure of Prof. and Mrs. Palmer for Athens. To this latter city Miss Norcross of '80 and Miss Slater of '88 will bid goodbye before the month of April closes.

A goodly sprinkling of Wellesley girls were not too busy to attend the Dartmouth Glee-Club concert, Wednesday evening last, in the town hall.

It will be noticed that our leader this week deals with the problem of protecting a student's time. Fresh suggestions and remonstrances are in order, for the evil described is real and the remedy hard to find.

An unfortunate typographical error occurred in the last number of the *Courant*, in the report of the Norminaga Reception. Although the impish question mark has made its black appearance, yet we would like to attempt some reparation by explaining that it was a mistake. It would seem to a casual reader that the writer of the report had somewhat doubted the generous hospitality of her hostesses when, in truth, her convictions to the contrary were naturally and firmly fixed. We therefore beg our readers to take their first lesson, not in reading between lines, but in skipping between lines.

Died.

MURRI—At Ann Harbor, March 25, Geo. S. Murri of the University of Michigan. Prof. Murri was Commencement orator for class of 1881.

ABBE—At Dorchester, March 21, Rev. Frederick R. Abbe, father of Elizabeth F. Abbe, B. A. '88.

The Phillips School.

The Phillips school in its third year is doing most excellent work. Its location, with ample grounds, the very thorough care given to the sanitary appointments of the house, and the personal supervision bestowed upon all who come under its charge make it what it claims to be,—a home school. Recognizing the importance of a sound physical condition, especial care is taken of the health of its pupils, and thus to the school has been wonderfully blessed in the health of all connected with it, not a case of sickness having occurred since the opening in 1886. The course of instruction is thorough and sufficiently comprehensive to meet a varied and reasonable demand. An especial feature is the Arithmetic drill, arousing interest in that which is to many girls an irksome study. Every effort is made to ensure a thorough practical mastery of the studies attempted and thus establish a good foundation for all subsequent work. In the Musical Department there are excellent facilities for the pursuit of music, under the careful training of a College teacher. Oil painting, water colors, crayon and charcoal drawing are included in the Art Department, with visits to the Art Museum, Art Club Exhibitions and the various galleries in Boston. Special classes are formed and individual training is provided for those desiring advancement in any particular branch of study. Home culture, wise Christian counsel and such discipline as shall lead to the unfolding of true character, it is the aim of the school to give. Girls as young as eight and nine years of age have been received into the family life, and parents and guardians about to go abroad could not do better than to place their children in the care of the Principal of the Phillips school.

A fine bust of the late Louisa M. Alcott has recently been presented to the school by the artist, Walton Ricketson of Boston. It is cabinet size, finely moulded and was modeled from life by one who enjoyed with Miss Alcott the privileges and freedom of a friend. It is characteristic of the beautiful life that is forever hidden from mortal sight. To some who did not know Miss Alcott it may prove disappointing, but to those who understood and appreciated the strong pure soul, there is great delight in the sweet personality which the artist has given to it. Any one desiring to see the bust may examine it at leisure by calling at the Phillips school.

Riverside School, Auburndale.

Rev. W. W. Sleeper and Miss May E. Sleeper gave their unique "lecture concert" here, Tuesday evening, March 26, for the benefit of the "building fund" of the school.

By request of Auburndale friends, the entertainment was given in the chapel of the Congregational church, where a large audience greeted Mr. and Miss Sleeper, and listened to them with deep interest.

Thursday evening, April 25, a concert is to be given for the same fund at City Hall, West Newton. The soloists are to be Miss Mary E. O'Brien, pianist, teacher at Wellesley College; Mlle. Ruth Comvoisier, contralto, teacher of vocal music and Church at Riverside school; Miss Jennie P. Menn, Librarian; Prof. Carrier's occasional assistant at the College; Mr. Charles F. Webber, the well-known and admired tenor of Boston; Messrs. Samuel Goldstein, violinist, and Aaron Goldstein, contra bassist, both of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program contains many choice selections, and the concert will be one of rare pleasure to music lovers.

The teachers and pupils of the school are, at present, April 5, enjoying a short vacation; some are at home, some with friends at the sea shore, Pigeon Cove and Scituate. The summer session begins April 10.

Vassarism.

A Wellesley girl was making her first visit to Vassar. Vassar friends (as the carriage approached the college grounds): "That is the lake?"

Wellesley girl: "Oh! Yes, is that all?"

Vassar friend (later in a roomful of students): "Girls, what do you think? Miss Wellesley says our lake is small."

Vassar Senior: "Well, here, perhaps, compared with the Hudson." Now "Miss Wellesley," who would not be disrespected, endeavored to make her comparison mental, so when he was introduced to the Vassar entrance hall, lately very prettily but simply furnished by one of the classes in college, she refrained from any mention of the polished pillars and stately green palms of her own Wellesley "centre," and prided herself thereon. But when set upon by a circle of bright Juniors, who cried as with one voice: "Oh, come, come, you know that Wellesley is more beautiful, but there is no woman's college in the country so well equipped as Vassar!" what could she do but come to the point and ardently compare colleges?

The truth is there is room for both college (and Smith too). For almost without exception the fine corner of one college balances the weak ones of the other. Wellesley even cannot but look enviously at the Vassar laboratory and observatory, but the Wellesley heart may be very proud of her art gallery and library.

In regard to the privileges and traditional customs of the students, the same thing is true, with perhaps a margin in favor of Vassar. The Senior parlor is so charming, so exquisite in its appointments, that Miss Wellesley had no desire to make comparisons on that score, and the bona fide college spread, of which she found evidence in all its varied forms and stages, could but seem to her alluring.

Like the German opera, you should see Vassar for yourself. You will be entertained delightfully, in a fashion Wellesley cannot offer. For where is there to be found in our grounds a cottage in which guests may be dined and breakfasted and lodged in so rarely hospitable a manner as at least one Wellesley girl experienced?

A ROOM FOR FIVE.

STUDENT, '89.

"How many room-mates have you?" asked a new acquaintance of a dejected looking freshman. As the latter, with an algebra clasped in her hand, was wildly seeking an unoccupied corner in the corridors of the main building.

"Four," came the answer in sepulchral tone, while the dejection on the freshman's face widened and deepened.

"Impossible," said the questioner. "You must be counting yourself."

"No," said the other; "no; I have three room-mates, indeed, but another girl lives with us about all the time. I haven't time to talk, though; I must find a quiet spot where I can look at my algebra lesson before the next bell rings. It's impossible to study in my room, with company from morning till night."

The speakers passed on and I was left to meditate on the conversation I had chanced to overhear.

Now we all know that necessity is the mother of invention, and we, in loyalty to our alma mater, believe that necessity is, none the less, the source of the rules which are enrolled on the statute-books of the college for the direction of our lives together. They can hardly be for discipline. When the greatest good to the greatest number can be secured by allowing each one of the six hundred and sixty-five individuals who comprise the governed part of our college world to be a law unto herself, doubtless external laws will fall away by the weight of their own uselessness. There was once a rule which secured to every student the privacy of her own apartments during study hours. The removal of such a rule was a tribute to the good sense of the Wellesley girl and, we believe, but simple justice to every thoughtful, earnest student. Such a conversation as the one recorded above, however, points to a danger to which not one out of our whole large number should be subjected.

The matter is in our own hands much more than it could be were we bound by an external "Thou shalt not" in the form of a college rule. But liberty, in this case or in any other, does not mean lawlessness. It involves self-restraint and goes hand in hand with the protection of the individual. We have no right, then, in consideration of the rights of others, to intrude upon the seclusion and quiet which are indispensable to the best mental work. Among the motives which bring us to college, first and foremost is the desire to avail ourselves of the opportunity which the college offers for quiet, continuous study. The only causes which can operate to prevent the fulfillment of these designs must come from within. There are social advantages and pleasures, it is true, in our college lives, but with all due regard for their attractiveness, they should be, and are, of minor importance.

The necessities of our lives bring us often together, and numerous cases must arise which demand interchange of ideas even in study hours. How far such intercourse of friends is advisable, provided no one else is disturbed, is a matter of purely personal concern; but the case changes as soon as another's time is involved in the question. Politeness, and justice as well, call for thoughtful consideration of this point. The case of the freshman quoted above is but a *fac simile* of many other cases, some uttered, and more borne silently. The very fact that one's friend is the offender seals the sufferer's lips. It is a case, indeed, which involves that oft-recurring question of sincerity vs. politeness, and however we may theoretically decide the question, we know it is often easy in practice, especially in an instance like the present—to give precedence to politeness.

"But," an intruder may urge, "my friends wish to have me with them during study hours." "Yes, perhaps," we would say in reply, "when the number in the room is limited to one, or we can conceive of two room-mates being of one mind toward a constant visitor." But suppose the room be enlarged to a capacity of four. Though that estate may sometimes be reached where "two minds have but a single thought," we can hardly imagine such conditions as would admit the substitution of a four in place of the two. We doubt if it often applies, too, when the number is reduced to three. No, it must be remembered that the closest friendship cannot, in most cases, bring about complete identity of pursuits and interests and, until that condition is brought about, care must be exercised lest we make what seems to us a harmless pastime, a source of annoyance and of positive harm to others.

The question may seem a trivial one and hardly worth discussing, but when we stop to consider in how close contact we live, how easy it is to overstep the boundaries of strict thoughtfulness, and how valuable may be a single hour, the issue grows in size and importance. Not one of us wishes to go back to the old regime of prohibition and permissions. We have freedom, instead, in our possession and it only remains for us to prove our rights to the gift. It is to be hoped, as we respect other's rights, as we enjoy liberty better than law, every one will give this matter serious consideration. Such consideration will show every offender that her offence means not simply the loss of a few minutes or hours to herself. It means, too, in many cases, disregard of others, and it means, if carried to the extreme, that we are not capable, in this particular, of individual self-government. Thoughtfulness, earnestness, and unselfishness will, we are sure, bring about reform where it is needed, and will create, on this subject, a conscience loud in its disapproval of all offences for the present and for the future.

INDISPOSITION.

ESTELLE M. HURLER.

The requirement in the "Regulations Concerning Absence from College Exercises" that the cause of the absence be "clearly and definitely" stated, offers to every student in college an elective course in the correct usage of terms.

Our language abounds in words capable of more than one definition; but in ordinary discourse, the context throws light upon the meaning of the terms employed. When the discourse is reduced to one sentence, of which one word only is original with the student, it is obvious that the usual method of interpretation cannot be applied. Does it not therefore seem incumbent upon the student, in fair regard of the regulation, to avoid ambiguous terms in filling out excuse blanks?

Indisposition is defined by Webster as

1. "The condition of wanting adaptation or affinity."
2. "Slight disorder of the healthy functions of the body."
3. Want of fitness in feeling, disinclination, aversion, unwillingness."

It is a matter of considerable importance in the maintenance of college order that an instructor should know whether a student's absence from class is due to illness or to an aversion to the subject?

FROM MY CHAMBER WINDOW.

L. P. CLARKE.

"Everybody's garden gate opens into all out doors," and though a chamber window may not open quite so far nor give its possessor so wide a sweep, it is surprising how much the eye can perceive if it be intent on seeing. Let me just whisper confidentially to the student who is intent on her Greek, Latin and Mathematics, with perhaps music squeezed in somewhere, that it pays to train the eye to see and the heart and mind to enjoy the beauty that is so lavishly spread around. "What is there that we should not consider fit a privilege to possess, although it be common?" Is it nothing to have the frost-flowers on the window panes? Is it nothing to have the blue sky? Is it nothing to have the stars and the rainbow? Let me introduce my friends of the COURAGE to a few of the many things which I see from day to day from my windows, one of which looks towards the sun rising, the other towards the north.

I will begin with this Sunday morning, March 10. Waking early, I had, as is my custom, the blinds opened that I might watch the dawn coming like a creation and an evangel. This morning the whole east is suffused with a steady light, deepening to rose on the southern horizon—nearly always the strongest color is some distance from the point where the sun actually rises—moment by moment the glory grows; a faint line of brightness steadily increasing, keeping the eye alert, lest some phase of the ever-changing picture should escape observation. Down near the lodge the brown leaves of an oak-tree are transmuted into gold, fairy gold, for at a touch, lo! it is only leaves again.

Just along the crest of the rise, clothed now only with short, dry grass, runs a line of fire; and still the splendor grows till up comes the full-orbed sun and the day is fairly begun.

But all nature is not occupied with helping the sun rise; what birds are there that flit along and alight on the ground pick so busily at something too minute for my eyes to see? Are they crows? No, they cannot be, they are too small and their movements are not the same. Ah! one has come nearer, now I can sight his crest and faintly discern the blue of

his plumage; it is a blue jay. I am glad to see him this morning, albeit his beauty is his only recommendation. Hark! I can't see the singer, but surely that is the note of a chickadee, and look, a squirrel scampers across the path and runs up a tree. Bounding my view to the east is the hill which every Wellesley girl knows; the trees that clothe its sides and crown its summit soften its outlines, and their bare boughs make most exquisite tracery against the sky. In one of these is a crow's nest, unoccupied now, but doubtless it will be tenanted later in the season. The Corvus family are aristocratic, and though they don't "go abroad" for the winter, have what answers to a town residence, hundreds of them assembling in marshy places and settling for the night upon the grass and reeds. By day they scatter in search of food, returning every night to their chosen resting-place.

In amongst the other trees I see various red cedars, a tree without grace of form or beauty of coloring, yet once a year it is transfigured. Lowell says of it:

"Red cedars blossom too, tho' few folks know it;
And look all dipped in sunshine, like a poet."

Ye who doubt it, climb the hill-side some sunny day in May, and see for yourselves. I must not forget the ever-shifting beauty of the sky, now intensely blue, now lightly veiled with the fleeciest clouds, now—but it is useless to try to catalogue the sky.

Now I am looking from my north window; from it I cannot see so much; its charm lies in its suggestiveness,—one or two oaks with their brown leaves, beyond these a few old pine trees with irregular branches and dull green foliage, then a mist of stems, branches and brown leaves with hints of light now and then between; at the top, the sky, blue just now, with a faint, fleecy cloud across one corner. I wish I could convey to you one half the things I see or fancy about this one small picture; the twinkling oak-leaves, the sombre pines, the depth of shadow in one place, the sudden glint of light in another, the outline of the branches, the ever-varying effects produced by the wind, the thousand indescribable and fleeting beauties which are at once an artist's admiration and his despair. These are a few of the things I see, the fancies are too unsubstantial to be committed to paper. Nor are the cloudy days devoid of charm. Even when the sky is like a dull, grey blanket and the rain pours pitilessly down, there are still pictures to be seen and fancies to be woven, and—plenty of time for both.

HEPATICAS.

L. H. B., '90.

Hunting for hepaticas. Searching high and low, Up the gentle, wooded slope, Through the vale I go.	But in vain for you I seek Flowers of varied hue; Naughty, shy hepaticas, O such teases, you!
Overhead the chickadee Whistles clear and sweet, O'er and o'er his blithe refrain, Winsome Spring to greet.	Don't you know where they are hid, Chickadee so gay? Robin red, their secret haunt, Won't you tell me, pray?
Bright-eyed Robin Redbreast, too, Warbles merrily. Fleet, the gray-furred squirrel runs To the sheltering tree.	But for answer I receive Only, "Chickadee!" Silent Robin saucily Cocks his head at me.
Soft, the winds the flowers call From their snug retreat. Buds are swelling on the earth, Warm the sun-rays beat.	Squirrel gray, with sharp black eye, Surely you can tell! But the rogue will not reveal What he knows full well.
Dry and dead the autumn's leaves Rustle at my tread; Here and there in living green Grass and clover spread.	So at last with faintest hope Pausing by the brook— See! at yonder mossy stump Swift I turn and look.
	Ah! So now I've found you out, Dainty blossoms blue! Robin, squirrel, chickadee, All in spite of you!

Waking Song.—After the Provençal.

FLORENCE WILKINSON, '92.

Fresh the dawn is breaking,
Purple grows the sky.
Orchard-birds are waking,
Meadow-grasses shaking,
Dewy banners dry.
Which, pray, think you is the sweetest,
Day that lingers or night that is fleetest?

All the silver night,
All the night of May,
Apple blossoms bright
Drifted clear and white
In the moonbeams lay.
Which, pray, think you is the sweetest,
Day that lingers or night that is fleetest?

Wan the wind-flowers wait,
Petals opal-tinted,—
At the Orient gate
Comes their king in state;
Gold his auguries glinted.
Which, pray, think you is the sweetest,
Day that lingers or night that is fleetest?

THOUGHTS OLD AND NEW ABOUT 'ART'.

E. H. DENIO.

To the question what is the significance and value of modern art many answers are given. Some writers are full of anticipation, others speak of the subject with complete despondency. We are convinced of the enabling power of artistic observation; we talk much about the beneficial influence of art on national well-being. There is no lack of incentive or recognition. Cities are beautified and enlarged, monuments in marble and bronze arise, museums and collections are established and enriched. Yet critics complain that art has no firm hold over the life, that we have no real progress to note, the mass of men are indifferent, lacking in real earnestness. This practical age absorbed in money-getting has no leisure for the enjoyment of art. We believe that artists have not lost the power to attract and elevate. To do away with art is to renounce the use of imagination, something impossible. The Egyptians satisfied artistic tastes in architectural works, the Greeks in sculpture, the Italians in painting. Music, in our day, appears the art most directly enjoyed, best comprehended. It may be questioned, however, whether this art meets more favor nowadays than in former ages. Music is limited by the slight duration of its effect, a fresh presentation is necessary to produce the original feeling. Musicians should not be like engravers, mere reproducers, but in perfect sympathy with the composer, interpreting him to the public. Music and the plastic arts do not interfere with each other, the one will not make up for the need men have that eye as well as ear be satisfied. Poetry will not take the place of harmony of form, of artistic adornment. The so-called musical and poetical tendency of our age should offer no difficulty to the development of the plastic arts. The materialism of the times, the growth of industry is a more real obstacle.

Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., in an address delivered at the Liverpool Art Congress, charges his countrymen with a "blunt, superficial, desultory, spasmodic appreciation of art." He cites many proofs of his indictment that the English are "indifferent in the presence of the ugly, tolerant of the unsightly, apathetic towards excellence." This weakness and bluntness of the critical faculty in aesthetic matters is shown in many places, among others, in halls and concert-rooms, where storms of applause greet alike "some matchless exccutant of noble music or the efforts of some feeblest servant of Apollo."

May not the visitor at the College entertainments, on hearing the loud, prolonged applause sometimes justly charge the audience with a lack of fine discrimination?

Bound to earlier centuries, we can not cast aside old traditions without danger to foundations, and yet nineteenth century artists seek new paths, and would be independent and original. Nature, however, does not change, does not grow old. She is as able as ever to create men of genius. Neither do we believe with some that art under the rule of cul-

ture must grow corrupt. Even in our time there are artists true to the highest aims, men who uphold our faith in the purity of art. They have done this in their selection of national and popular subjects, in elevating the standard of thought, in giving us ideal, beautiful forms. In all art simplicity is the test, most difficult, highest to reach. Architecture is the mother of the plastic arts, the oldest, the foundation branch, from which the others receive laws and incentives.

Its history is closely connected with the development of religion. Thousands of centuries belong to the history of architecture, and yet we have but three great, independent periods. The Egyptian or Oriental, one style, because the foundations of culture and religious views remained unchanged for many centuries; the Grecian-Roman; and the Christian traced through the Middle-Ages and later periods. Our new School of Arts stands as a proof that classic art has living influence over modern culture. It is not an isolated building, but belongs to a landscape, and to a community. We admire the strength of the material, the thorough technical knowledge displayed, the union of parts, the organization of the whole. Plan, construction, decoration are the three great ends kept in view.

The artist knows the importance of lines, forms and colors, the difficulty of putting life and expression into dead material, the subjects which he can best represent.

The public like not too learned productions; that pleases most which is familiar, taken from daily surroundings, which easily satisfies curiosity, or speaks to the heart. It is a healthy, good sign when the artist selects a simple, *genre* theme, when he reveals the spirit of his people, or emphasizes some national interest; but that is not all,—his knowledge of form, his execution must be also superior. Of the statues which adorn the parks and squares of our cities, we can quote one authority as saying in their favor, that they honor the memory of distinguished men, have a good educational influence, and give employment to sculptors. Historical pictures may be regarded as illustrations, not always clear or interesting to those who look at them, without knowledge of the subject.

We may grant the claim of historical painting to a high place, because it handles grander, more important themes, where the artist has great difficulty to make the contents visible and to bring out their true meaning. Verestschagin's awful canvasses only make more real the sufferings of human beings in Russia, as described by Kennan. Some earnest critics stoutly maintain that for the true enjoyment of an art work there is needed a putting forth of effort, a calling together of the forces of the mind if we would comprehend an artist's spirit. Psychological processes in the creation and enjoyment of art works continue much the same in all ages. Always it remains true that the object represented is not so important as the poetry of the forms and the technical mastery of the materials.

Now, as ever, Nature is the only correct teacher. Some schools of to-day display astonishing technical knowledge, the cult of color is strongly developed among them, they seek truth to Nature combined with dazzling effects, their studios delight the eye. There is danger that what should be subordinate become the chief feature, as we notice in certain pictures which are costume-studies rather than portraits revealing character. Technique should be the artist's rich means to awaken in us, through the subject delineated, a definite artistic mood or impression. Our comfort and trust for the future is in the view that all the tools hitherto employed will not lie idle in the hands of this generation of artists. They as well as the public have still much to learn. As long as this be recognized, we need not fear for modern art.

ONE LITTLE INJUN.

MARGARET EMMA MITO, DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

I am a jolly little Indian pappoose. I keep pretty close to my mother. She does not often like to face a responsibility of my size, but she will shoulder it any time, and so we are bound together by the strongest ties.

When I am at home I live in a wigwam which mother and I built. We made it of poles covered with bark and skins. We built it together. Mother did the work, and I backed her up heavily, and between us both we pulled through without interrupting father, who was busy sitting on the warm side watching mother and me work. My father is a proud and lofty being; the sun is his father, he basks in his rays; the earth is his mother, he reposes upon her bosom. My father honors his parents, he is bound to bask in all the sun there is and repose on all the bosom he can lie down upon, no matter how much time it takes to do it. He clings to his mother Earth and she hangs upon him, many waters cannot part them, in life they hold close and in death nobody knows them apart. My father gives all his mind to basking and reposing and he worries in his smoking, drinking, and eating at odd times. But when there is a war, or a hunt, or a dance of the braves, he arises, paints himself all glorious, beats mother to make her good, and goes off with a gun.

Mother and I do all the rest of the work; we plant and hoe and harvest the crops; we grind the corn between stones or pound it in a mortar; then we make it into cakes, and roast them in the fire for father to eat. Mother does it, but I keep right round after her, and see to it all.

Sometimes we have nothing to eat—roots, berries, acorns, everything gives out. My father can shoot no squirrels, my mother can get no corn. Then we start for the Agency to get rations. It is a long tramp, but I don't mind it, for mother does the walking. We form a procession of two—a double header. Mother heads the front and I head the rear. As the column moves forward I go ahead backward like a born leader of the hindmost, and I pass everything on the road that is not going my way. Of course I can't see what I am coming to till I am going away from it.

The first thing I notice is our wigwam and corn-stalks and bean poles. They are large at first, then they get smaller and fainter, till they are no bigger than a mosquito, and then they fade quite away. So all our village goes from sight, and the sky gets big and empty, and the earth has no end. At length we come to things—horses, mules, ditches, rivers, trees, houses. One by one they bounce out upon me from around mother's shoulder. They all begin big and strong, and they go away little and faint. Everything I see is going away from me. I don't know what is coming, and I can't dodge it till it is past. That is what comes of going ahead backward.

My people are pretty much like me. The old Mother Government straps them upon a board and shoulders them around from one place to another. If she hears them moan with hunger, she feeds them; if she sees them shiver with cold, she blankets them; when they shriek and kick with rage, she beats them. She lets them live on the this side of somewhere till somebody else wants it, and then she bundles them off to the other side of nowhere which nobody wants.

My people, like me, are going backward. Once they had all America to hunt and fight in; now they have only a small portion of the land where they can stay. The father of all my fathers could shoot an arrow right through a bison, but his son could only kill a bear, and the bear-killer's son could only kill a deer, and the deer-killer's son shot foxes, and the fox-killer's son shot squirrels, and the squirrel-killer's son—that is myself—can only catch flies. Ah! my people started in "big injun," but they are coming out little pappoose.

White men who stay home and make books say my people are dying out; but white men who look around and count say my people are living on, as many as ever. Oh, I am the interrogation point, that points the Indian Question? What am I— "a person"? or folks? How did I come so? Where? When? Why? How am I coming out—voter or scalper? Which or the other? Likely as not, or more so. There are thousands upon thousands like me, bright-eyed, brown-skinned, lusty young braves, at this very minute cutting our eye-teeth on our knuckle-bones and toughening our lungs on young warwhoops, but we are always on the hind side and either we are not going the way we are headed or we are headed the way we are not going. Who knows? Either way we shall come at the polls, we fellows—as citizens perhaps, ballot in hand, as outlaws maybe with tomahawk aloft and hang 'em at our belt—the polls. Hoopla! Toss up.

They say there are white babies who are carried upon their mother's hearts and next to their cheeks; these babies always look forward, and everything starts small and grows large and comes toward them, and they can catch it if they want it. These babies have their eyes and ears trained to find out what is coming, their foreheads bulge out to meet future events, and their noses are sharpened upon them as they whiz by. So these babies grow to be strong men. They talk with the lightning; fire and water are their horses, and the smoke is their banner. The forests and the mountains bow down to them.

Oh, old Mother Government, take up my poor people and bear them upon thy heart! feel them with the milk of human kindness; give them justice, and teach them, by example, the law of love. Then shall my people lift up their heavy hands; they shall "look forward, and not backward, up and not down, and lend a hand."—*Harper's Young People*.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die.—*Carlyle*.

Priscilla's Answer.

(This poem, one of three answers to the question: "What Shall the Fountain be Called?" was omitted by mistake from the last issue of the COURANT, where it should have followed the article on "College Memories of Longfellow.")

CLARA A. JONES, '80.

I come from out the vanished years,
When the new world shyly stood to greet
The coming of the eager feet
That brought a nation's hopes and fears,
And hid in her bosom smiles and tears
For the truth that made toil sweet.

To-day, upon the pilgrims' shore,
You ask what happy name shall be
For the sparkling fountain, pure and free,
That, leaping skyward evermore,
Murmurs its sweet song o'er and o'er,
In ceaseless melody.

A blessing on our land was laid,
A poet, grandly true and pure,
And he sang a song that shall endure,
Of the pilgrim's faith and the gentle maid
Whose simple story cannot fade,
In its listeners' hearts secure.

Strong is his life as our fountain bold,
Though shadows have swept it, one by one;
Nobly beneath them its work was done,
While deep in its heart lies a wealth of gold
That ever new beauties will unfold
In the searching light of the sun.

So on our fountain I would lay
The highest honor it can claim,
A world-renowned, beloved name;
So shall its changing moods convey,
In falling tears or sun-kissed spray,
Our poet's living fame.

LENTEN PRAISE.

CHARLOTTE E. HALSEY, '90.

Christ, I thank Thee; Thou hast known
All the senses' fierce desires;
Needs that seem to drag me down
When my soul to Thee aspires.
In the desert, hungering,
Hadst Thou used Thy power as Lord,
Turning by a single word
Flinty stones to loaves of bread,
Suff'ring not the human need;—
Thou hadst still been God indeed,
But couldst not be now my king.

Hadst Thou by some act of power
Shown men Thy divinity,
'Twould have saved Thee from the hour
Of the cross and agony.
All the knees had lowly bended
To a king of earthly might,
And what 'tis to feel the slight
Of a world that will despise
What our hearts most dearly prize,
Thou hadst never comprehended.

All the world might have been Thine
If Thou wouldst have laid aside
Something of Thy right divine.
Worshipping Thy subtle guide,
Who could all its kingdoms give,
Then I too would worship, sure
That I could not keep me pure
In the labor toward the goal.
Thou didst conquer all; my soul
Looks to Thee, and dares to live.

Sonnet.

ROSE D. HOWE, '86.

Great poets oft their ladies' charms do praise
And tell the world in trumpet tones of fame,
How stately flowers speak softly Heaven's name
Among this world's base weeds. Great singers raise
Clear voices, chanting loud amid the maze
Of mingling notes the virtues of fair dame.
Great painters with their wondrous art proclaim
Their loves rare beauty to the world's rapt gaze.
But I in quiet corner whisper low
In my love's ear these tender words and true—
Holy and steadfast purpose shineth through
Thine eyes so clear, and on thy radiant brow
God's hand hath set his seal in letters mild
Of gleaming lines of light.—"This is my child."

AN OPEN LETTER FROM GREECE.

EMILY NORCROSS, '80.

ATHENS, March 5.

The early spring and the unbroken succession of glorious sunny days, lure us forth continually from Athens to places within easy reach. How we follow the Sacred Way westward over the plain, and penetrating the Pass of Daphne come down to the lovely land-locked Bay of Eleusis; again we stroll along the shore from Peiræus far up the straits of Salamis, trying vainly to decide where the seat of the much-discomfited Nereus may have been. Another day is devoted to Laurium, whence came in ancient times those "owls of Laurium," "to nest," as Aristophanes has it, "in the Athenian pockets," and which has awakened to a busy, dirty life once more, for though the silver is well-nigh exhausted, the lead that the ancients despised is there in abundance. From Laurium the way leads us to Sunium, that extreme point of Attic soil, a bold promontory pushing its way out into the liquid sapphire of the Aegean, crowned by a row of Doric columns blanched to a glittering white by the suns and storms of centuries. But nothing, we thought, quite equalled our trip to Marathon, so that shall be the one to claim a brief description.

We left Athens in the early morning, for it is a good twenty miles' drive to the battle-ground. The Athenian plain still lies in the shade around us, but the sky is clear and radiant above our heads, and as we leave the city the rocky top of Lycabettus crowned with the tiny white chapel of St. George has caught the light; in another moment the Parthenon stands out illumined at the left, the rays creep slowly downward over the sides of the Acropolis, till suddenly the great sun comes shouldering his way up over the long, dark ridge of Hymettus and the day is fairly begun. We watch the city against its background of rosy floating clouds and misty blue sea and island-mountains till it passes from sight. Even now Athens is a city which draws your eyes irresistibly toward herself whether you are approaching or leaving, and what the effect was in the days of her ancient glory one can but faintly imagine.

Little knots of peasants pass us constantly on their way toward the city; the men, alert swarthy fellows, for the most part, in shaggy goat-hair cloaks with the pointed hood pulled well over their heads to protect them against the sharp morning air; the women with scant white petticoats, short loose jackets and gay handkerchiefs tied tightly around the head and often covering a part of the face. Some are riding donkeys, the patient little animals trotting along with a semblance of morning briskness, the men and women alike sitting in the same easy, nonchalant, sideways-fashion on the clumsy wooden saddles.

Here are troops of donkeys moving more slowly under immense loads of brush and heather that hide all but their heads from sight and sometimes alas! we pass bands of women loaded in the same way, looking like some strange sort of animals as they trudge along in their dingy rags, bent almost double under their burden. The country around us is not rich; even more than in ancient times Attica is a land of light soil, and the valley of the Cephissus on the other side of the city is the only really fertile land in the

Athenian plain. The fields stretch away sunny and open, green with wheat or brown with fresh-turned soil, and but sparingly dotted with gray-green olives or rosy clouds of blossoming almond trees. Before long they merge in the soft, dull browns and purples of heather-slopes, and then the mountains rise above with rocky sides sloping gray through the plummy green of pines. Here and there is a village, either beside the road or gleaming white from the mountain-foot, but before long we pass out of sight of habitations entirely, and the mountain shrubs and pines close in around us.

As the sun rises higher it is pleasant to plunge into a nest of pine-planned slopes, and find a clear, rushing stream, flowing between white rocks and under trees thickly draped with the ivy-like green-briar. As we stop a moment to rest the horses, some one tells us that this is the very spot where the unfortunate Englishmen were seized by brigands twenty years ago and not far from here that they were killed. The date seems almost or uncomfortably near, but this was veritably the last tragic chapter in the long story of lawless crime in ill-governed Greece: the government never rested after the terrible event till the last brigand was hunted down or had fled the country, and you can regard with perfect calmness the pair of black-browed stalwart fellows you meet soon after, with long rifles across their shoulders, secure that they are bent in no larger game than a possible hare.

Suddenly our carriage rolls into the midst of a peaceful flock of goats, which forthwith scatter right and left in great trepidation, with the soft hollow tinkling of bells, turning the low, shrub-beset sides of the road into a moving mosaic of brown and yellow backs, flat, twisted horns and little perky white hamlets of tails. Two splendid shaggy dogs spring at our carriage fiercely with a tremendous barking and a display of white teeth that apparently portend instant destruction, were we within their reach. It would seem, nevertheless, that the dogs have shared somewhat in the general civilizing of the country, for according to the testimony of several travellers in the Peloponnesus this spring, the dogs seldom actually attack one, or when they do, are perfectly susceptible to the simple argument of stones—a never-failing one in Greece.

The shepherd turns with his hand resting on the top of his long crook, and looks at us with a cool, half-indifferent interest. He is a dirty fellow, indeed; his fustanella has long forgotten its original whiteness, his tight leggings are grimy and patched, his rough cloak shows the service of many winters; he is ignorant enough too, no doubt, for he has probably herded his goats day and night, summer and winter, ever since he was old enough to be trusted alone; but he moves with an elastic grace long since lost from the world of cities and books, and there is as much independent dignity in the poise of his head and shoulders and the lines of his face, as if he owned all the shaggy mountains and valleys that he has wandered over since his boyhood.

The surface of Greece is covered with hundreds of these little flocks, browsing patiently among the low shrubs and herbs. You meet them even in the outskirts of Athens, you see them on every mountain slope, often the only life in the rugged landscape. Apparently they are free to graze on all untilled land, but indeed most of this land belongs to the government, from whom the shepherds are obliged to obtain a regular grazing-permit. It is only to be wished that Greece could turn her attention to increasing this roving source of wealth, which utilizes what were else her barren mountain-sides. It is the humble and easily-satisfied animals like the sheep and goat and donkey that form the main support of a people in a dry-soiled land like this. The horse and cow demand too lordly sustenance to be anything but luxuries; cows' milk is well nigh as dear as wine in Athens, and all sort of millionaires content themselves with the tasteless goats'-milk butter and the pungent goats'-milk cheese.

By this time we have left the startled goats and angry dogs well behind us, and now over the long stretches covered with the soft, sunny green of low pines appears the intense purple-blue of the sea, and the ethereal pearly amethyst of distant islands. We come down now through cultivated fields upon the plain of Marathon and leave our carriage at a dirty little house not far from the famous mound. Naturally our steps turn thither first. A modest little hill it is, some sixty or seventy feet in height, its sloping sides covered with the fresh green of spring-time, save where near the top an ugly yellow scar shows that restless curiosity tried not long ago to probe its secrets by excavation. The only result was the dispelling of the time-honored and pleasant delusion that this was the burial-place of the one hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the battle. Hereafter we must content ourselves with considering the mound a trapezoid merely, in memory of the victory. None the less we pluck with delight the great purple and pink anemones and golden-eyed daisies starring the slopes with a cheery abundance peculiarly gracious in a spot from which one is sure to wish, or to be commissioned to bring, some little memorial.

All around the plain stretches level and unbroken from the mountains behind to the sea in front. It is cultivated now to the very foot of the mound, but looks as though its richest crop would still remain that of glory, harvested so long ago. Of course we read our Herodotus from this point of vantage, sighing the while that the pleasant old gossip could not have given us just one or two local touches, a hint as to what route the Greeks took hither from Athens, or where the lines of battle were drawn up. But we see well why Hippia chose this spot as a most suitable place for a cavalry encounter, for in all Attica there is not such another wide, level plain on the open sea-coast.

We walk down to the shore over the warm sunny marshes, or what must have been marshes once. The firm, moist soil is starred far and wide with tiny white and gold daisies, which make an enamelled carpet under the dark green leaves of great bulbous plants, and the waving clumps of sharp-lined sedges. The sea rolls up with a soft incessant splash on the narrow beach, and we stand here admiring the wonderful apparent symmetry of all the landscape-lines. The crescent of the shore stretches far out on either side bending long arms about the bay, and the deeper curve of the mountains, rising high in the center slopes down gradually till at the far crescent horns it meets the shore with gentle inclination. Between the two curves lies the plain which now shows us its unmistakable character as the gift of the sea. One wanders lazily along the shore through the deep, rippled sand, wondering where the Persian ships lay, and picturing a little that last desperate charge across the plain and the carnage at the water's edge.

It is too beautiful a place to leave willingly. The breeze blows with soft freshness from the blue sea, which flashes here like silver and deepens there almost into blackness; Euboea stretches its misty loveliness of mountain-masses half across the horizon, and smaller islands lie like sapphire clouds in the distance. Behind is the sunny plain and its girdle of mountains with illimitable play of light and shade on their bare moulded sides, the tender green of wheat fields and olive-orchards rising over their lower slopes, and a village or two shining white from a sheltering valley.

But we have no more time to waste than the Athenian soldiers; they had to reach Athens before the Persians, we before darkness; and allowing ourselves but one more moment of delight, the filling our arms with the perfumed, golden-hearted narcissus growing in rich abundance in the wheat fields and by the road, we drive away.

CORDIALTY.

CHARLOTTE E. ROSE, '88.

What has become of that one-time appreciated virtue of cordiality? Has it had its little day and been packed away with grandmother's dresses and labeled, "One of grandmother's characteristics. Too completely old-fashioned to be made over?" Certain it is that we see it no more. In the language of that famous letter in "Punch," from Cambridge, America, to Cambridge, England, "*Exultatur*." In a few more years the dictionary will have a forlorn little *Obs.* at the end of the definition of cordiality which now reads: "Sincere affection and kindness; warmth of regard, heartiness." Surely these pearls are too precious to be lost.

The lack of graciousness in our day is growing appalling. Especially is this true of women, whose lives should move to gracious ends. From the complaint of over-demonstration women have rushed to the opposite extreme of snobbishness. Thus far, perchance, there is only the appearance of snobbishness, but the evil spirit will not lag behind. Even though one may now have a feeling of gladness at meeting a friend, it is very "bad form" to exhibit it. Soon, ah! very soon, it will be equally obnoxious to entertain so plebeian a sensation at all. Nowadays, when friends meet, there is a slight—so slight as to be almost imperceptible—inclination of the head—*prætere nihil*. No ghost of a smile, no lighting up of the eyes—perish the thought!

If we were sovereigns, there might, perhaps, be some sense in it. But being only ordinary, and some of us very ordinary, mortals, it is absurd to the last degree. Any show of warmth is mercilessly tabooed from the ranks of those who have pretensions toward being *à la mode*. It is only those whose social position is unimpeachable who live up to the truth that kind hearts are more than coronets. It is only the precious souls who are a size too large for the fashions, that adhere to the old-time custom

that infused genuine ring into the "How glad I am to see you!" or make of a gracious bow a song without words.

Repression of this kind is utterly excusable. It is useless to say that Americans have no time to be courteous. For a kindly spirit makes itself felt much more quickly than an assumption of dignity. One can much more speedily spread abroad an atmosphere of warmth and good-will than an atmosphere of ice and hauteur. It is useless to imply that this latter is indicative of a higher state of civilization. For that civilization is always the highest which admits of and encourages an exchange of true ideas. Such a millennium is absolutely impossible where there is no closeness of fellowship. Frankness and sincerity are plants of most exotic fragility, and require balmy airs.

To alter this evil lies in the hands of one and all. Let us down with all false ideas of dignity which call for hauteur. Let us up with that more genuine power of character which needs no such makeshifts to impress itself. Let us set an example of warm, gracious cordiality. In short, let us be of those who, passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well, instead of spreading ice and desolation in our path.—*Christian Union* '88.

Our Outlook.

THE REMONSTRANT OF GOOSE LAKE.

In listening to the familiar objections so confidently advanced by young Mr. Tallbot, of Portland, against woman suffrage, at a recent Legislative hearing in Maine,—objections which, then and there, the petitioners had no opportunity to answer,—it seemed pitiful that fact, logic, and experience are all unavailing to prevent the endless repetition of oft-refuted fallacies by persons who do not take the trouble to inform themselves. The assertions of remonstrants quoted twenty years ago in the columns of the *Woman's Journal* read like those of yesterday. Experience has disproved, reason has refuted, society has out-grown them; but they come hobbling up as serenely confident as ever. Like the Bourbons, the objectors learn nothing and forget nothing. They resemble that eminent remonstrant, the Grand Lama of Goose Lake, in the Trans-Baikal, described by George Kennan in the *March Century*. Kennan, with prodigious difficulty, obtained access to this mysterious and secluded spiritual potentate, and thus describes the interview:

"After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who had never even heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man.

"You have been in many countries," he said to me through the interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West: what is your opinion with regard to the shape of the earth?"

"I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball."

"I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our old Tibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately; and if they can tell beforehand when the sun and the moon are to be darkened, they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?"

"I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; "but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it."

"This statement seemed to give the Grand Lama a sort of mental shock.

"How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'?" How do you know that you have been around it?"

"I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and travelled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set before my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find anywhere an end nor an edge; and at last, when I had travelled more than thirty thousand verst, I found myself again in my own country and returned to my home from a direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?"

"It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause of a moment. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?"

"My country is farther from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet; and if we could go directly through the earth, that would be the shortest way to reach it."

"Are your countrymen walking around there, heads downward, under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama, with evident interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually impassive face.

"Yes," I replied; "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here."

"The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, he had heard of British India and of England,—probably through Tibet,—and he had a vague idea of the extent and situation of the Pacific Ocean; but of the Atlantic and of the continent that lies between the two great oceans he knew nothing.

"After a long talk, in the course of which we discussed the sphericity of the earth from every possible point of view, the Grand Lama seemed to be partly or wholly convinced of the truth of that doctrine, and said, with a sigh, 'It is not in accordance with the teachings of our books; but the Russians must be right.'

"It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Dr. Erman, the only foreigner who had seen the lamasery of Goose Lake previous to our visit, had an almost precisely similar conversation concerning the shape of the earth with the man who was then (in 1828) Grand Lama. Almost sixty years elapsed between Dr. Erman's visit and ours, but the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth continued throughout that period to trouble ecclesiastical minds in this remote East-Siberian lamasery; and it is not improbable that sixty years hence some traveller from the Western world may be asked by some future Grand Lama to give his reasons for believing the world to be a sphere."

Thirty years hence women will be voting all over this country, but the remonstrants will probably keep on saying that women suffrage is contrary to nature. Mr. J. C. Ropes, the other day, in a State where 200,000 women support themselves by work outside their homes, in shops, stores and factories, gravely affirmed that women are not in business, and therefore cannot vote. Rev. Mr. Rice, representing four men and two women, stoutly maintained that he was the champion of "a majority of the women of the Commonwealth."

Rev. Dr. Dexter, representing a denomination three-fourths women, assured a surprised committee that the voting of women in Congregational churches had been "in incalculable injury." Arthur Lord, of Plymouth, justified woman's exclusion, by the charter of the Mayflower. He even cited Charles Sumner, the apostle of universal suffrage, as admitting that suffrage is not the right of anybody, but only a privilege and a duty. True, Mr. Sumner demanded suffrage for negro men as a right of the citizen under the principles of the Declaration of Independence; he denounced "insurmountable qualifications" of color (or sex); he even affirmed that "in the progress of civilization women are bound to vote." But Mr. Sumner was claimed on the other side, with a sublime disregard of trifling inconsistencies.

Such people, and the fading feudalism they represent, are shut up by the Himalayas of prejudice and superstition in a remote spiritual lamasery on a moral and intellectual Goose Lake. Their successors in 1989 will probably ask the women voters, legislators, governors, and presidents to show reason for the political facts of the universe.—*H. B. Blackwell in The Woman's Journal*.

For the rest, let that vain struggle to read the mystery of the Infinite cease to harass us. It is a mystery which, through all ages, we shall only read here a line of, there another line of. Do we not already know that the name of the Infinite is Goo, is Goo? Here on earth we are as soldiers, fighting in a foreign land, that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy. Behind us, behind each one of us, lie six thousand years of human effort, human conquest; before us is the boundless Time, with its as yet uncreated and unconquered continents and El Dorados, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of Eternity there shine for us celestial, guiding stars.—*Curlye*.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purposes he sees to be best.—*George Eliot*.

THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.50.

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Intercollegiate News.

Two prizes, to the amount of \$750, are offered at Rutgers for the best entrance examinations.

According to the report of President Dwight, Yale received last year \$725,000 from bequests and donations.

Interesting articles on German University life are found in recent numbers of the *Red and Blue* and the *Oberlin Review*.

An American Dialect Society has been recently formed for the purpose of collecting and from time to time publishing material relative to American dialects. Its President is Prof. F. T. Child of Harvard, and its members consist of gentlemen interested in the subject, from all parts of the country.

Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky will deliver the annual address before the literary societies of Vanderbilt University on June 18.

The Catholic parochial schools of the United States number three thousand, with an enrollment of 511,000 pupils.—*Ex.*

Thus writes a fair maid in the Wellesley COURANT:
"Come out into the Wellesley woods with me this windy day, and see for yourself the witchery of our New England October."

The invitation comes a trifle late, dear girl, and Wellesley must be six hundred miles from here; but we are half tempted to see the witchery of Wellesley in early spring, if you are still willing.—*University Magazine, Mich.*

Attendance upon recitations is optional at Harvard, Cornell, Michigan and Johns Hopkins universities. Amherst and Wesleyan require the students to be present at nine-tenths of the exercises. At Yale, eighteen cuts are allowed each term to sophomores and freshmen, and twenty-four to juniors and seniors. Dartmouth permits twenty-five and Williams thirty cuts a term from chapel and recitations.

The occupations followed by women college graduates are indicated by the records of the association of collegiate alumnae. Of 524 members the latest report shows eleven physicians, nine journalists, eight authors, eight librarians or assistants, five lawyers, three artists, three printers, two each of school principals, musicians, elocutionists and private secretaries, and one each of lecturer, chemist, typewriter, government clerk and merchant. Women graduates are also engaged in such varied occupations as book-keeping, dairy farming, stock raising, insurance agency, copying, biology, the drama, and even in the editorship of an agricultural journal.

The Wide, Wide World.

April 6.—Death of the King of Holland momentarily expected. Prairie fires cause heavy loss of life and property in Dakota. Severe snow storm in Pennsylvania.

April 7.—Death of the Duchess of Cambridge. It is estimated that, before the close of the present month, 50,000 persons will have sought homes in Oklahoma.

April 8.—Boulanger expelled from Belgium. Provincial Treasury of Quebec empty, and Jesuits not paid their \$400,000 claim. Miss Mary F. Seymour appointed Commissioner of U. S. Court of Claims. Oklahoma boomers, in desperation, threaten to obstruct the railroads, and so to prevent the occupation of the land by new settlers.

April 9.—Canadian House of Commons passes Canadian Pacific debt consolidation bill. Gen. Boulanger denies that he is expelled from Belgium. A second letter from Stanley.

April 10.—Warrants issued for the arrest of Boulanger, Dillon and Rochefort. Local elections in Montana point to the probable addition of two U. S. Senators and a Member of Congress to the Democratic force at Washington. Accident on the Chicago, Santa Fé & California R. R.

April 11.—Reported attempt to kill the Czar. Gales and wrecks on the Spanish coast. Boulanger and Rochefort at Brussels. Possibility of an early strike on western railroads.

April 12.—Violent earthquakes reported in Epirus. 5300 emigrants sail from Bremen and Hamburg for New York. A company organized to build a rail road in Africa. Trial of Gen. Boulanger begun.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

Why were the College halls shorter than usual just before vacation?
Because they were truncated.

The genius of our Mathematical Department is responsible for the following:

CONUNDRUM.

My whole is found in market reports; behold me (*i. e.* remove the initial letter) and my second grows wild in the southern states; behold me again and my third grows wild in the northern states; and this last is inversely proportional to my whole.

Answer—Price, rice, ice.

The notice given in chapel last Tuesday morning, abolishing morning silent time in the main building, will be the death of the old, wornout conundrum: "Why is a girl making her bed on the fourth floor during silent time like a lady?"

Answer—Because she is above doing a mean thing.

A party of students who went to the seashore this vacation were awaiting the appearance of their landlady in the parlor, when the maid entered and explained that the hostess must be excused for a time, as she had a fin which gave her some trouble.

"A fin! A fin!" exclaimed each girl. "Is she a mermaid?" The mystery was finally revealed when Mrs. C. told her boarders that she had a raw recruit from Finland in the kitchen.

Said one upper class girl to another: "Who is the first chiropodist mentioned in history?"

Said number two: "Wait a minute! Chiropodist? Oh! He's a man who stuffs birds."

She did not guess the conundrum.

Speaking of birds reminds us of feathers. Speaking of feathers reminds us, in true Loisetian sequence, of one of our brilliant literary stars who tried to buy stuffing for a pillow. She sought "exceisor" at the grocery store, but though that establishment had plenty of that sort of spirit it lacked the dry goods, so she determined to use feathers instead, and thought it very strange that she could not find the proper kind at our millinery emporium.

"Chairman Wellesley Col. for Y. Women Sr. Class" is the super-scription upon a letter received during the recent vacation from a prominent Philadelphia firm.

Another letter from the head of a preparatory school asks for information concerning requirements for admission and whatever else his pupil may "kneed."

A note accompanying several Scripture cards asks that they be framed and put in prominent places in the College "to please the Lord and Yours truly."

Just now the COURANT is looking up the matter of honorary members of the different classes, and regrets that '90 has so little to offer upon this subject. In looking over the records we find only that, accepting a brother's place among them, '90's hero said: "Nothing in this broad and generous land could give me greater pleasure than this most undeserved honor. I accept with deep gratitude. When this reaches you I shall be on the sea. Farewell."

"And he kept silence forever after," is the laconic note of the recorder.

The Lady Jonquils on our window sills
Are the golden beauties of their time;
With scoloped skirts, they are jolly flirts,
Dancing ever, even past their prime.

From their pointed hoods of some crackling goods,
They smile, and modestly look down
At the green satin vest to the form so closely pressed,
And ending in a dainty, calyx gown.

With yellow glory ripe, they are so full of life
That they bring a little sunshine to a dark, dark day:
"For we've stored the sunbeams up till they shine out through our cup,"
That's the lesson sweet the airy belles are taught to say.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart desiered;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,—
One purpose hold where'er they lie;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

—*Clough.*

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MAILS ARRIVE FROM.	MAILS CLOSE FOR.
Boston and East—6:00, 7:45, 9:00 A. M., 5:00, 6:35 P. M.	Boston and East—7:30, 10:45 A. M., 1:15, 3:55, 7:00 P. M.
Way Stations—7:45, 9:00 A. M., 3:00 P. M.	Way Stations—10:45 A. M., 1:15, 3:55, 7:00 P. M.
West and South—6:00, 10:30 A. M., 4:00 P. M.	West and South—8:45 A. M., 2:00, 5:30, 12:00 P. M.
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ingham and Natick—7:15 P. M.	ingham and Fitchburg—7:30 A. M.
South Natick—8:00 A. M., 4:30 P. M.	South Natick—8:45 A. M., 4:45 P. M.
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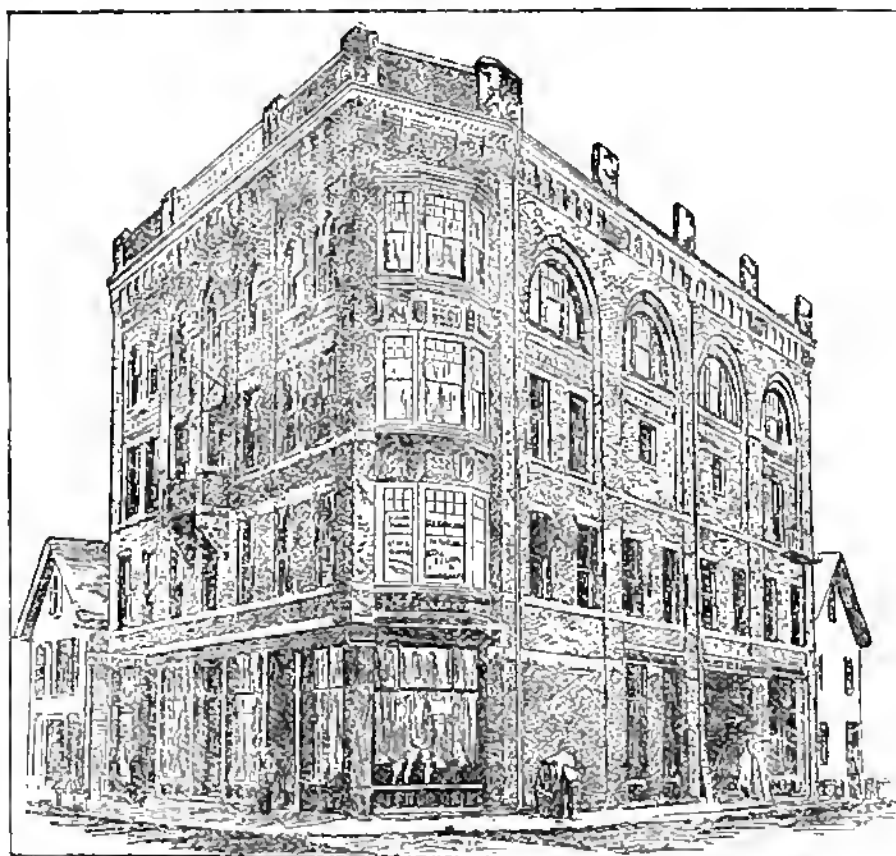
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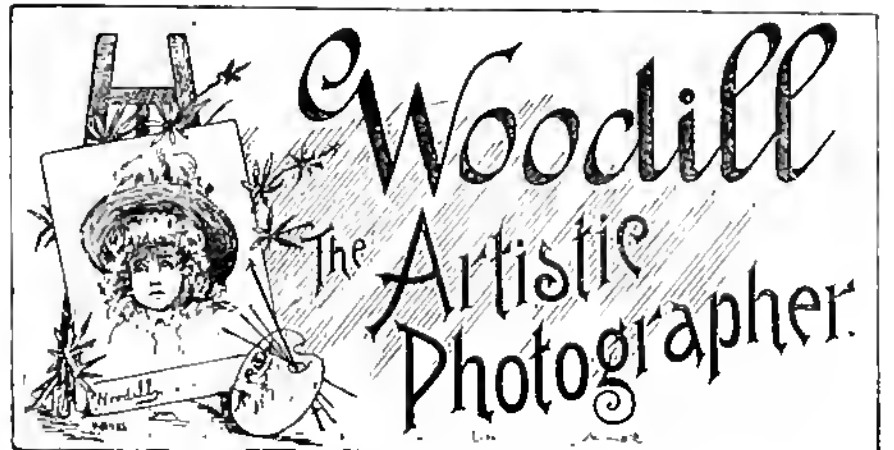
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